NOTICE.

The Circulation of the MINER is greater by 500 than that of any paper published in McKean County, outside of Bradford.

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The McKean County Miner

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STABLES.

MY UNLUCKY ASTRALIZATION.

By J. H. CONNELLY

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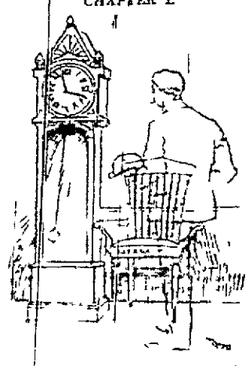
CHAPTER I.



It is I hardly admit of question that persons while bodily asleep in their astral forms are apt to feel a peculiar disinclination to use material bodies which are left behind. Such material bodies are subject to many annoyances from which rare exceptions were guaranteed to protect them at will through agents I will mention by and by, but that is no reason why we should think too little.

The maternal body certainly has its need and deserves sufficient caress to insure its safety if not more. With cranials of happy go lucky folk who go out to astralize themselves for an evening's amusement drop their bodies anywhere with hardly more care for their comfort and security than would be bestowed upon a discarded coat and, well feeling, quite confident of finding them all right and fit to put on again when required. But there is really a good deal of ease in doing so and I have had very vividly impressed upon me by a keen humanity disagreeable experience. Astralization is so easy that one is apt by quite unthinking shade into it upon effect its care not very careful it is a mere question of habit whether you one leave your body in a tolerable state or not when you astralize it again. You will find it easier in the little time you take to slip it and fix it and it is worth it.

One especially detestable evening in the earlier part I boarded at Pittsburg the Pennsylvania railroad the fast line number four train for the west leaving there just wardly after ten minutes after the midnight, bound Baltimore after the next morning, and the day after that either the east might return to New York. To my disgust I found every berth in the Baltimore sleeper engaged but argument backed by financial influence obtained for me a double berth in the sleeping car next to that which had come from Chicago and was going on to New York. I would have to turn out at Harrisburg, at three a. m. to transfer myself to the Baltimore bound portion of the train which divided there but even that arrangement would give me about five hours of rest which was certainly better than sitting up all the night. The porter pledged himself for a tolerable call me in good time to dress. Pardon my going into all these details but you will see that I had a rather important bearing on subsequent events.

The atmosphere in that car was almost pestilential. It had been flooded all day its stove was not perfective and its ventilating apparatus not at all bleak wind and biting driving rain had prohibited the opening of windows so the air was thick with hot humanity and the animal smells of humanity. While the porter was making up my bed I found the dense and close in the smoking compartment a temporary relief. But when I crawled into my double lower the atmosphere became unbearable. With the curtains dropped before me I felt as if in my coffin and seemed to be inhaling the combined odors of a stable a hospital and a charnel house. And even above the roaring rumble of the train I could hear from the section opposite me a snore simulating a stentorian death rattle which was simply maddening. Sleep under such circumstances was manifestly impossible.

Realizing that I said to myself Why not astralize? It is my body only which requires rest. Very well let it rest. When I am out it will not be conscious of either the snore or the smells and I shall be free to seek purer air and pleasanter surroundings somewhere else on the train. Even the roof of the car will be an improvement since the weather can have no effect upon my astral form.

That I never had astralized on a rail road train seemed rather an incitement to try than an argument against it. Scarcely had the notion flashed into my mind when I straightened myself out in my right side changed my rate of breathing and fixed my mind all in the ordinary way. My last thought in the body as I composed myself was, I shall have to get back before we reach Harrisburg. The next minute I stood in the aisle, free conscious still of my unpleasant environment but indifferent to it in the superb exhilaration always felt by the astral man as his first sensation of liberty and power upon escaping from the body.

A natural curiosity as to the products of that awful snore impelled me to peep behind the curtains it caused to tremble and wave. To my amazement the offender proved to be a pretty young girl who lay upon the flat of her little back with her mouth wide open and from that portal of coral and pearl puffed, gurgled and snorted with the unholy vigor of a hired man. I felt that it was not good for a bachelor to know such a capability existent in woman and fled in haste.

Few persons were still awake other than the train hands in either of the cars, but in the smoking compartment I found two who interested me. They were stout, well dressed prosperous looking men, one with indecision and mental struggle manifest in his face, the other wearing a look of determined and confident insistence. As I, invisible, took a seat before them, the former was saying:

"I don't mind admitting to you, just between ourselves, I would like to, but I don't know how I can, seeing the flat-footed way I have already committed myself against that bill. Why, I not only opposed it on the floor, but fought it before the committee; and now to go for it would give me dead away. Everybody would know I had 'got a boss' and it would ruin my chances for re-election among the farmers."

"My dear sir," replied his companion, "I don't ask you to vote for it. Supply cease your opposition and when it comes up for action have an attack of la grippe and remain in your room at the hotel until the next day. That is simple enough, and you know when I promise I make good every time."

"Yes," assented the first speaker dubiously, "but suppose there should ever be an investigation. If they got me under oath my conscience would not let me deny the consideration nor could you—without perjury."

"Oh, dear yes. The easiest thing in the world. See here is an old bean an African bean. I am tired of carrying it in my pocket. I shall abandon it on this seat when I go away. Of course I will not know what becomes of it. Yet there are curiosity seekers who would give a good deal to get hold of that particular sort of bean for their cabinets. I wouldn't at all wonder if some one would give two thousand dollars for that bean in Albany to-morrow night."

The man with prudential scruples looked puzzled for a moment. Then a light of comprehension dawned upon his face and despised gradually to a shrewd grin. "I feel certain I shall have an attack of the grip," he said.

The two smiled together and went away to their respective berths the man with the bean carelessly throwing it on the seat as he passed out. In a few seconds one returned for a glass of water as the cooler before retiring and I soon adjusted myself to learn the train which divided there but even that arrangement would give me about five hours of rest which was certainly better than sitting up all the night. The porter pledged himself for a tolerable call me in good time to dress. Pardon my going into all these details but you will see that I had a rather important bearing on subsequent events.

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"My dear sir," replied his companion, "I don't ask you to vote for it. Supply a hen I rescind, his line of duty would be plain to him. My purchase of a ticket obligated the company represented by him to transport my body from Pittsburg to Baltimore. It was no concern of his that I had chosen to absent myself during the carrying out of that contract. His business simply was to slide my unconscious corporeality aboard the Baltimore train, and in good confidence of his having done so I hurried in pursuit of it. But to my serious displeasure I found the fellow had not done what I counted upon. I searched all the cars through and through, inspecting carefully all the bodies they contained, and mine was not among them.

Of course I felt annoyed, still there was some satisfaction in knowing there was but one other alternative action the fellow could have taken. Finding it impossible to wake my body up, he had just let it lie, trusting I would have my pipe out by the time the train reached Philadelphia or perhaps New York somewhere between Conowago and Mount Joy I overtook the main train and remounted it in vain. The double lower I had occupied was empty. The snoring girl still thrilled the echoes the familiar smells were all there yet and the porter who had sworn to take care of me sat asleep in the smoking compartment with his head thrown back and his mouth open looking like a gash in a black watermelon. But what had he done with my body. How I longed to kick him awake and demand that of him! But for all practical purposes I was of no more good with or to my missing corporeality than a thought which has not yet occurred to anybody. The hideous fact forced itself squarely upon my acceptance. I had lost my body.

CHAPTER II

She first picture of the sheet caught the poor girl in which she was her grief.

The precise moment was distressing in its ill and foolish setting by the unsympathetic conduct of those who discovering my plight swarmed about and jeered me. From the malicious elementals I could not of course expect anything better but I was pained by seeing among them and emulating their rudeness some astralized visitors from the material plane whose unbecoming glee was not restrained by the consideration that their own bodies might also have been lost to them at that very moment for aught they knew to the contrary. I have not paused in the course of this narration to make any particular mention of the dwellers on the astral plane of the temporarily astralized person like myself whom I encountered there as my experiences were simply those every one has with the exception of this incident and one other by which I shall have occasion to revert further on. But I cannot let pass without reprehension the behavior of the astralized persons who clustered around me on the train that morning, and declared they found my unhappy situation funny.

With a vague notion that I might find my body among the unclaimed baggage in the station, room at the Harrisburg depot I rushed my transformation and dashed back there only to suffer a fresh disappointment. It was nowhere to be seen. The last passenger train for the night had gone to the depot was dark and the only person on the platform was a watchman. I hoped some one would come and open a conversation with him, in the course of which I might casually find a clue to what had been done with my body for I argued he would be very likely to know. But the only persons who came were local men on the top of moving freight trains who simply shouted Hey, him! repeatedly shied chunks of coal at him social advances to which he responded in such ejaculations profane or otherwise, as the occasion seemed specific dly to demand.

An inexplicable fascination tempted me to follow and haunt the car in which I had last seen my body which I sought to excuse to myself by a hope the porter might when he waked say something in my presence about it. So he did. In the Jersey City depot while the passengers were leaving the train and he was gathering up the soiled linen he said lazily stopped threw open a window and back and I him a dingy platform sweeper.

Ralph h exclaimed hurriedly with an air of suppressed excitement and mystery. Come in the death gig. Plenty for all yours of.

"Man or woman?"

"Man died on the train this morning."

"Mum!"

That was all. They resumed their duties. My supposed demise was to them simply an inspiration for a police play. I don't know when any little thing ever depressed me more. So dead I was to all material beings that some one had not sense enough to discover the fact of my having simply strolled away in my astral form! I would have imagined that so common and unnatural a thing could not have failed to be at least suspected by almost anybody.

Pondering upon the unpleasant consequences to me which might ensue if there were not a timely correction of that misunderstanding, I strolled absentmindedly with the passengers through the depot and aboard the ferry-boat. Moving in this way I soon times temporarily forget that I am not in my body until some incident recalls me to recognition of the fact. It is perhaps hardly worth speaking of, being such a common experience in our astral interludes but I always find it vexatious and irritating to have persons walk through me. And it happens so often. Of course it is easy enough to dodge those you meet, and if you sail along over their heads you have no trouble, but moving in a crowd on its level you are almost certain to find some one coming you for empty space come plunging through you from behind or lunching into you unbeknown in your unguarded moments.

Both those things occurred to me that unlucky morning. A fat German woman, with a huge market basket on her arm, almost wrecked me, and I had scarcely got my disarranged parts collected and in place again when, in going off the boat, a pretty, delicate looking young girl was jammed right into the space I occupied. Her sensitive nervous organization evidently felt my presence, though she was unaware of the cause of her sensation, for she shivered and wriggered to a companion:

"Oh, Jennie, I've got gooseflesh all over me! I believe I'm catching cold."

That incident, I think, hurt me worse than the other. It is distinctly unpleasing to be shivered at by a pretty girl and spoken of as giving her gooseflesh. I was sure I would not have affected her so if I had had my body on at the time,—a reflection which would have been consoling but for the doubt it awakened if I would ever again possess that anxiously desired materiality.

The day thus badly begun was destined to like continuance. I was in no proper mental condition for the astral plane. My perturbed thoughts, full of concern about my loss, unfitted me for the calm self control I should have had and made me subject to all manner of vicious illusions and painful impressions, artfully produced by the malicious sprites constantly besetting me.

Late in the afternoon, weary of aimless wandering about the town, I violated a resolution I had firmly formed the night before, which was that I would never look upon Marian's face again. It seems as if there were a sort of fatality against a man's keeping the resolutions he makes concerning women. Doubtless if I had gone slowly to her house, as my body would have had to, memory and reflection would have breced up resolution and steered my steps aside, even from her door, to the club but having only to think of any place in order to be there as I wished it I was actually in her parlor before I had time to remember I had abjured her.

She was lying upon a sofa with her face in its cushions crying bitterly and an evening newspaper on the floor by her hand lay upon the floor. My first glance at the sheet caught the paragraph which had no doubt caused her grief. It was this:

"Rammond on Dec 22 In a sleeping car berth on the Chicago train arriving here at three a. m. a passenger was found dead. Papers in his pockets enabled his identification as Jablet, Bartley of New York. He was apparently well when he boarded the train at Pittsburg. Death is ascribed to heart failure. His body is held to await claim by friends."

"May the blessings of the unlucky light on the writer of that item," I said to myself. Why could not it be a wretch who said when my body is held to await the claim of its best friends? I wondered if it was being held "on ice." having shown frozen at the little spark of life I had left in it. If some sapient country doctor to make an imposing spectacle of himself before a coroner's jury would not want to cut it open and take a look at the heart to be sure it had failed. Either was quite possible. Clearly I had no time to lose if I was ever to get that body back in reasonably serviceable condition. But to find where it was held was the first thing. Perhaps some other evening paper had fuller particulars.

I was really sorry to have to leave Marian in such bad spirits notwithstanding her blandishments, but after the night before but could not endure the sight

cest coat by staying. "I mentally forgetting. I was just in the act of turning differed in some important particulars from those persons in the news item, but I had no means of conveying information.

As I viewed myself in the mirror I was struck by the signs of suffering depicted on my face. It seemed as if I had been dead for days instead of hours. I was in material hands and I had to depend upon them to have me carried over the air shudders for aching down before them to get right at the unlerstood all sorts of undignified attitude s and in awkward ways adopting himself to the unpleasant methods of handling the dead. It is simply maddening to wait while stupid wardens thowls through long Internal editorial on the tariff or turns over the sublime of his brain by perusal of the base ball column and then just at the moment when you think he is about to turn to the next page he folds the paper and puts it in his pocket. Eventually I gave up in despair that way of finding out what had become of my body.

Then a happy thought occurred to me. My friend X. Jeffer ted. He is one who can be depended upon in any emergency that stem, to take prompt and energetic measures. Most probably he already preparing to count and hunt up my remains. If so all I shall have to do will be to go along until I hear him ask where they are, then step in and take possession and be ready to welcome him when he arrives.

I found him in his room at home and thinking about what practice to which he is much addicted when I saw he was troubled. The paragraph I had already read lay on a stand beside him clipped from the paper.

I'm awfully sorry for the poor fellow. I heard him mutter. Of course I am. But his divine, just at this particular time is all sorts of a nuisance. I can't go corpse hunting tonight—even for him. Alicia would never forgive me if I did not take her to the opera—only time it can be given in the season. And a day more or less won't matter to him now. There no doubt have been nicely iced somewhere. Seems to me I've heard they were in unclaimed bodies to the medical colleges. But they would hardly do that right away. Even if they did I could get him back and have him fixed up most likely. Decidedly tomorrow will be time enough. I will see the item in some morning paper, write over to the manager and have him look out where he is going on and I can get him night belongs to Alicia. I have heard nothing about John. And he deliberately put the cigar in the fire and went on getting himself into full dress.

I was to put it mildly disappointed. Still I could not blame him, and he had given me a good idea—an actual that I had been not to have thought of it for myself long ago! Of course there would be, somewhere in the company's offices over in Jersey City an official report of the incident as it is to the lock to find it. Any one I could go and try a good deal quicker than I could telegraph, even if he I was willing to do so that night. So I did and for once fortune favored me. The conductor of fast line, number four, had duly reported the finding of a dead man on his train and the division superintendent, probably with an eye to having the data handy for reference in case of inquiry by friends of the deceased, had hung the statement, open, upon a hook beside his desk, where I found it. From it I learned that my body had been "taken in charge by Undertaker J. B. Jaiblet, of Harrisburg."

What more did I want? Nothing. Happier, I believe, than I ever was before, I darted at once to Harrisburg.

It was easy enough to find and enter Mr. Jablet's establishment, which was quite conspicuous, and there, sure enough, I found my body. It had been unclothed and stretched out on a board in a sort of cold storage room, like a big refrigerator, but happily not in contact with ice. Life, though weak, was still in it.

But I had not arrived a moment too soon. Another astralized man, who confessed he had lost his own body years before, was already there, seeking to appropriate mine. He was just about trying it on when I came and stopped him. I saw at a glance it would not fit him, as he, too, could have seen, if he had not been so madly desirous of obtaining a material shell that he was quite desperate. Indeed he would almost have rattled around in it, and could not have controlled it at all, for he was but a little whiffet of a fellow, while I am of the goodly size a man should be. So I "bounced him," morally speaking, sympathetically but firmly, and was just about taking up my old quarters when I was interrupted.

The door opened suddenly and the undertaker came in, accompanied by his son. I waited to see what they were after. Mr. Jablet's look did not please me. He was a muscular fellow, short but strong, with a broad, square lower jaw and a sloping forehead which spread away gradually in a wide bald area of skull fringed at the back with short red hair. Altogether he seemed an ugly person to argue with, and I judged he had been drinking.

"They don't get this stiff away from me," he was saying to his son as they entered, "until they put up handsome. Business is bad and he comes along as a windfall. He has, judging from what was found on him, friends who are well fixed and I mean to work them."

I felt that Jablet, if he thought me reviving, might be quite capable of knocking me on the head to prevent what he counted upon as a fat job slipping through his fingers.

"Oh, there ain't much in it," replied the son indifferently, "not more than forty or fifty dollars, and do the best you can with it."

"Ain't, eh? You're not smart, Dan'l. You don't know the business yet. I'm going to give you a pointer you'll find of use some day, maybe. I'm agoing to embalm him."

"Dad, you're a daisy. I didn't think of that."

"Course you didn't. But you ain't me. I'll load him up with eight shillings' worth of fluid and get seventy five dollars and the thanks of his friends for the job. Go and get the fluid jug and we'll do him up now. His friends may come for him in the morning."

The son went out and the old fellow, standing by my body slapped it on the leg with insolent familiarity, chuckling. "Yes sir we'll fix you up. Fix you up to the queen's taste. Nothing like style for a corpse—when there's money to pay for it." I fairly boiled with rage but what could I do. Were I to enter my body at once I would but precipitate my fate for in the numb and stiff condition my muscles were certainly in I could not hope to whip those two sturdy rascals. Judge of my infuriate rage if you can while I heard the son call out from the floor room at a little distance, Dad, the jug's empty.

In that act responded the old man regretfully. Well, then, we will let it go tonight, but you must get up early in the morning, start the fire and make some more fluid. He will have to be fixed before the morning train gets in."

Father and son went out together, closing the door behind them. Presently I heard them lock the front door and go away. Then I immediately resumed my body. Words can convey no idea of how horribly cold it was. In my astral form I of course had no sensations of temperature and the body being without consciousness while I was away, had not suffered, but when it and I were born in a land of perpetual frost. Beneath the tundras bordering the river Lena, north of Yakutsk, there is a thick layer of frost which never disappears. In winter it begins at the surface of the ground; in summer it is found at a point twenty or thirty inches beneath the surface, and penetrates all the year round in many spots to a depth of several hundred feet.

Lost on the Alps.

In cold and darkness, long ago,
Where freezing mists hung damp and gray
On Alpine summits white with snow,
A traveler lost his way.

The faint moon had withdrawn her light;
No star was seen in all the sky;
Vainly for aid that awful night
He uttered cry on cry.

"Yes sir we'll fix you up."

Nevertheless I persisted in moving, crawled into the next room where there was a red hot stove and when pretty well recovered out made a systematic search for my clothes. Luckily I found them all even to the overcoat, in a closet and soon dressed myself. The pockets were empty but I did not mind that for in the waistband of my trousers I had sewed a fifty dollar note a precaution against going broke which I have not in years allowed myself to travel without. With this money I made my way back to New York on that night's fast line number four"—having broken out of Mr Jablet's shop—and before ten o'clock the next day was walking up Broadway.

So ended the lesson of my unlucky astralization and my story is done, except that I deem it due to Marian to declare explicitly she had not been guilty of any such impropriety as I seemed to witness. In fact, she not only had no visitor that evening, but was not even at home, having gone to spend the night at her sister's. The scene which appeared so shockingly real to me was simply an artful illusion, got up by a couple of waggish "elementals," who impersonated her and the total stranger with such skill as to completely deceive me. Their trick could not have been successful but for the perturbation of mind I was in at the time, but I am not now sorry it was played, for it will enhance my caution in accepting as real even the most plausible appearances on the astral plane.

THE END.

Traveling Stones.

The traveling stones in Nevada are said to equal as curiosities those of Australia. These stones are perfectly round, about as large as a walnut and of an ivory nature. When distributed about on the floor, table or any smooth surface within two or three feet of each other they immediately commence traveling toward each other and meet at a common center, and there lie huddled in a bunch like eggs in a nest. A single stone removed to a distance of four feet upon being released returns to the heap, but if taken away as much as five feet remains motionless. They are largely composed of magnetic iron ore.

Mince Pies and Wedding Anniversaries.

Miss Jane Strickland is good enough to tell us that it was formerly the custom in England for married people to keep the anniversaries of their wedding day, and on these occasions as many small mince pies were placed in one dish on the table as corresponded with the number of years they had enjoyed connubial felicity. In families where olive branches were numerous this pleasant custom must have proved the sweetest of boons for the juveniles and their friends. We have grown too grand in these days for such modest mince pie anniversaries, which have been supplanted by silver and sometimes by golden weddings.

Sweetbreads Like Potatoes.

It can be said without fear of contradiction that no condition has ever yet come to our notice which Compound Oxygen cannot relieve, improve and overcome them. Pure Vine. This substance instantly stops coughing soothes the throat and lungs and relieves a good night's rest. Hundreds can testify to the remarkable and the saving virtues of this remedy. Pure Vine cures only 25 cts. a bottle. Trial bottles free at Dodd & Bonnell's Drug Store.

JUST IN TIME.

At last a drowsy feeling crept
Across his brain, half dazed with woe,
And as the morning broke he slept
Stretched on the drifted snow.

Then, echoed by the tall peaks round,
What sounds, like music, smote his ear!
The loud, deep baying of a hound
Told him that help was near.

Brave, noble dog, how well he knew
His duty, wise as he was brave!
Leader the sailors having given—
His mission was to save.

The good monks heard and came with speed
The poor lost traveler to befriend,
And fed, warmed, sheltered in his need
His troubles found an end.

A Laboratory Device.

Most practical chemists are painfully aware of the unsightly appearance of reagent bottles, caused by the drops of the solutions running down the outside and crystallizing thereon. Popular Science News tells that this may be prevented by simply painting the rim with melted paraffin. Care should be taken to cover only the side of the lip—none should be put on the upper surface. The paraffin dissolves readily by using a small hair brush and a wax of low melting point, such as is used for imbedding sections. It will be found that besides preventing the solution trickling down the outside it enables one to drip, the reagent easily in single drops without touching the edges of only partly withdrawing the stopper.

Bleeding Gut, Sores.

A general impression prevails that when any cast iron object is broken it cannot be mended. A correspondent of the New York Tribune tells that a cement may be made which will hold the parts together perfectly. Take two parts of sal ammoniac, one part of sulphur and one part of cast iron filings. Mix by a mortar and keep the powder perfectly dry. When it is to be used mix it with twenty times its weight of steel iron filings. Grind the whole in a mortar, and with water until it becomes a paste and apply to the parts to be mended. In a short time it will become as strong and hard as any part of the metal.

Nothing Resembles Like Potatoes.

It can be said without fear of contradiction that no condition has ever yet come to our notice which Compound Oxygen cannot relieve, improve and overcome them. Pure Vine. This substance instantly stops coughing soothes the throat and lungs and relieves a good night's rest. Hundreds can testify to the remarkable and the saving virtues of this remedy. Pure Vine cures only 25 cts. a bottle. Trial bottles free at Dodd & Bonnell's Drug Store.

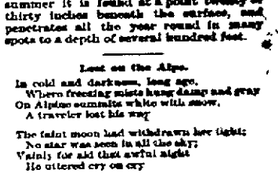
OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THE SPOTTED GIRAFFE.

A Little Lay About a Beast Who "Didn't Do" Good Work in a Thousand Ways.

There once was a Chinese mandarin
Whose name was Li Wang Hat,
And all had he that a rich Chinese
Could want in a gentleman;
But because he had not, a quite reputable
He stated, last and often,
He said to his wife that pretty life
Had never a pleasure for him!

Now the mandarin had the queerest ideas
Of his favorite Li Wang Hat,
And vowed he must (Could quite well manage
A spotted giraffe one day.
The gift was rare, and the notion was
To the mandarin's mind, he
The very least must invest at least
As one of his family, family,
As one of his family.



THE GIRAFFE SO STATELY, TALL AND SLIM.

Li Wang replied, much gratified,
With reverence most profound,
His chest he thumped, his head he bumped
Full nine times on the ground!
But after a day or so, you know,
He very much wished that he
Had declined to accept a spotted giraffe
As one of his family, family,
As one of his family.

There was nothing the creature wouldn't eat,
From a pumpkin down to a brick.
He ate, if you please, the tops of the trees
And the roof with a single lick!
And down his throat went the mandarin's coat,
His hat, a cane and a shoe,
And he never got back his pet bootjack,
For the spotted one ate that, too, ate that, too,
Too,
The spotted one ate that too!

He swallowed a bonk and a Chinese junk—
Such a hungry giraffe was he!
A Japanese fan and a watering can,
And a sack of the best green tea.
He nibbled the chocolate pigtail off
From the head of the mandarin,
And after that ate the glass and the plate,
Including the soup tureen, soup tureen,
Including the soup tureen.

Now how to get rid of this tiresome pet
Was a puzzle to poor Wang Hat.
For the gift of a thing is the part of thing
One can't very well give away.
So Mr Giraffe went on with his pranks
Until, as it happened one day,
He ate a Foreign grammar, full dried as a
hammer!
And this is the end of my lay, of my lay.
And this is the end of my lay.

The Land of Eternal Frost.

For hundreds of miles inland from the Arctic ocean Siberia is covered with rare treeless plains called tundras. In summer they form one immense spongy bog, in which moss is the only growth. In winter they are deserts of snow, to which gale and tempest give the shape of waves. As the tundras are scarcely to be crossed either in winter or summer, the great tract of Russia in Asia is one of the most desolate regions of the earth. Moreover, here is a land of perpetual frost. Beneath the tundras bordering the river Lena, north of Yakutsk, there is a thick layer of frost which never disappears. In winter it begins at the surface of the ground; in summer it is found at a point twenty or thirty inches beneath the surface, and penetrates all the year round in many spots to a depth of several hundred feet.

Lost on the Alps.

In cold and darkness, long ago,
Where freezing mists hung damp and gray
On Alpine summits white with snow,
A traveler lost his way.

The faint moon had withdrawn her light;
No star was seen in all the sky;
Vainly for aid that awful night
He uttered cry on cry.

JUST IN TIME.

At last a drowsy feeling crept
Across his brain, half dazed with woe,
And as the morning broke he slept
Stretched on the drifted snow.

Then, echoed by the tall peaks round,
What sounds, like music, smote his ear!
The loud, deep baying of a hound
Told him that help was near.

Brave, noble dog, how well he knew
His duty, wise as he was brave!
Leader the sailors having given—
His mission was to save.

The good monks heard and came with speed
The poor lost traveler to befriend,
And fed, warmed, sheltered in his need
His troubles found an end.

[illegible] Democrat.

[illegible] Bonds, Mortgages, Deeds, Leases, Agreements, Articles of Association, Summons, Executions, Attachments, Subpoenas, Warrants, Blanks, and everything else used in Offices, Stores, Banks, Factories, Mines, Lumber Camps, Farms, Etc. Your name [illegible] cards per hundred. Your business [illegible] per hundred. Your address [illegible] per hundred. Your [illegible] per hundred. Your [illegible] per hundred. Your

CLUBBING RATES.

We will send the MIRROR and any paper or magazine mentioned below for one year, to any address, as follows

The MIRROR and New York Tribune for $1.35

The MIRROR and Philadelphia Weekly Press $1.30

The MIRROR and Albany Weekly Journal $1.90.

The MIRROR and Pittsburg Chronicle $1.50

The MIRROR and Judge Library of Wit monthly for $1.60.

The MIRROR and Harrisburg Weekly Patriot for $1.75.

The MIRROR and New York World for $1.80

The MIRROR and Cosmopolitan Magazine for $3.00

The MIRROR and American Economist for $2.00.

The MIRROR and Demorest Family Magazine for $3.10

The MIRROR and National Tribune, for $2.00

The MIRROR and Home Market Bulletin for $1.30

The MIRROR and Scribner's Magazine for 3.10

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

The year 1891 is on the home stretch.

—And now Mr. Jewett aspires to be a borough.

—The jingling of the sleigh bells will soon be heard

Applicants for the Smethport postoffice are multiplying

A real rose in the hat is said to be the correct thing

—Our merchants are beginning to display their holiday goods.

James Taylor has been appointed postmaster at Turtle Point.

Barnes' Hopkins is the opera house, next Friday night, Jan 8th

Tuesday marks the 33d anniversary of the execution of John Brown.

Both of Gifford's mills in this borough have closed down indefinitely

Rhinestone buckles are one of the features of fall and winter millinery

But four weeks more and the ladies keep your opportunities will be gone for four years.

See the new advertisement of the Bazaar Bradford It contains matter of interest to everybody

George Garlock postmaster of Hazelton postoffice, Hamilton township is seriously ill with typhoid fever

Remember the oyster supper on Friday evening of this week at the residence of F D Hopkins. All are invited

—Only think of it. The MIRROR and the New York *Tribune*, one year only ago paid for $1 25 Subscribe now

There was good skating on the pond last Friday and Saturday which was taken advantage of by a number of the town boys.

The ladies of the Baptist church will give an oyster supper on Friday evening of this week at the residence of F D Hopkins. Everybody invited to attend

—A reception will be given Rev G W Hallwell and wife, on Tuesday evening, Dec. 6th, at the residence on Water street. A cordial invitation is extended to all.

—The Mckean County MIRROR and the New York *Tribune* for $1 25 This is undoubtedly the greatest newspaper combination ever offered Now is the time to subscribe

The county seat of Cattaraugus county is to have Little Valley, and Olean offers to raise $60,000 towards the erection of the county buildings if that town secures the location.

Huntley & Palmer have the order of late and while many of the local mossbacks were seen wending their way to the woods, very few have been seen returning with much game

Messrs Stickney Ritchie & Co have now placed their large and fine stock of groceries, etc, and the display which bears the ear marks on it as the result is a magnificent one. Call and see it.

The C L S circle composed of a number of Smethport's estimable young ladies, gave an oyster supper at the guild room in Hacking Hall Monday evening. Those who attended were hospitably entertained.

—Contrary to the usual custom, no Christmas tree will be had at the M E church this year A supper will be given on to the children on Saturday Dec 26th, and Christmas exercises will be held at the church on Sunday evening

—The latest and prettiest song now being sung on the stage, is entitled, "The Italian Summer time." It is by the popular author Will A. Thompson of East Liverpool, Ohio. The price is 40 cents. Send the author half price and you will receive a copy

—The *Press*, awakening from its lethargical state since election, arises and asks if the late Democratic landslide was a victory. Well, if it wasn't a victory we won'd like to know what to call it. *Inquirium Echo*. Call it a disaster neighbor, and you'll hit it pretty close

—The many friends of Dr G H Young will be pleased to know that he will move back to Eldred, next week, and resume his practice of medicine here For the present he will occupy the rooms over A. T Barden's store at the corner of Main and King street.—*Ringle*

—The grip is making itself felt again as an exchange. It behooves people to keep the system as vigorous as possible, and keep the extremities dry and warm, and above all to keep the head covered when they go out doors. Great care must be taken in every case or else trouble is sure to follow.

—Mrs. Minie A Hazen, daughter of Mrs. John E. Taylor, of this borough, died in Buffalo, N. Y., Monday Nov. 30th, 1891, aged 43 years. The remains were brought to Smethport Wednesday and services held in the Baptist church, Rev. G. H. Hallwell, officiating. Interment in Rose Hill cemetery

—Hank Thomas, has the addition to his house, on Mechanic street, completed, and is moving his cigar manufactory and stock of tobacco, etc., thereto Mr Thomas, while giving more attention to the manufacture of cigars, will still keep up his stock of tobacco and smokers articles of all kinds at the new stand.

—Rev. Hallwell's subject in the morning will be "The reason Christ is not ashamed to call us Brethren." In the evening he will speak on "What we preach." Sunday School immediately after morning service. Young people' meeting at 6.30. The public is invited to attend any and all of these services.

tute of lime and charcoal. John E. Cowell, of Wilcox, support in position: of the company. The works will be rebuilt

—Quarterly meeting will be held in the M. E. church next Sunday. At 9 30 there will be love feast, to which all are invited. At 10.30 preaching by Rev. W. Bertha, of Bradford. In the evening Rev Bertha will preach a special sermon to young people Mr Bertha is the District President of the Epworth League, and is recognized as an exceptionally able man. No doubt large congregations will greet him at both services.

—Those of our people who witnessed the performance of Farmer Hopkins a year ago, will be pleased to know that they will have another opportunity to see the jolly farmer on Friday evening, Dec. 2th. Mr Frank S. Davidson is continually improving this play and this year it is said to be much better than ever before Mr Davidson will be supported by a carefully selected company of artistic merit. Don't fail to go, and go prepared to laugh.

The new advertisement of D C Young which appears in this week's MIRROR will amply pay perusal. Among other things announced is holiday goods, of which he has a full line the display of which at his store is well worth seeing But perhaps our readers do not yet care to invest in the kind of goods. Well D C Young has a complete stock of everything required to clothe or feed you and has prices will compare with anything in this part of the country

The Baptist Sunday school will give a Christmas operatic or sacred cantata at Carnochan time Prof Hard who has a large class in vocal and instrumental music in Smethport has been engaged as instructor and will conduct the presentation All singers in town or out are invited to participate as I will be assigned parts suited to their voices. The first rehearsal will be held at the Baptist church on Saturday evening Dec 26 at 7 o'clock sharp Something fine may be looked for

A barn belonging to M W Wagner at Bradford, was destroyed by fire on Sunday afternoon last. Abbott Arnold baggageman of the St James hotel while endeavoring to get the horses out of the barn was overcome by smoke and was burned to death Arnold was a well known character about Bradford having lived there for the past 14 years He was aged about 41 years and leaves a wife and three children Four horses were also cremated and a large amount of straw and other combustibles of a barn was destroyed.

An exchange says a local newspaper is often a cursed thing in regard to giving personal notices of meritorious the coming and going of some and reporting others. The fault is with the people and not with the editor He is always willing and even anxious to tell who goes and who come but he can not tell if you have visitors, let us know who they are and where they come from or anything happens in your vicinity let us know about it If you get married let us know If you know anything let us know about it. The editor of a newspaper cannot be everywhere at once and must depend largely on the people to tell him items of interest

It should be remembered that under the new ballot law months must elapse between the dates for township and borough officers must be filed with the auditor at least ten days before the election and must be published in papers at least seven days before the election. This will require the nominations to be made by the respective parties not later than the 21st day of the 6th month preceding the third Tuesday of February in each year. This month is the third Tuesday of the month in order to get the tickets and all preparations made That the new law will prove somewhat burdensome and expensive in operation with the present method of holding elections is generally conceded. The duties of township auditors under the law are important and those chosen should give the matter careful attention

A church movement has been proceeding so quietly for the past ten years that few have noticed it at all This is the return of the Jews to Palestine No many have gone thither that it begins to look almost as if the Bible prophecy were to be fulfilled The ancient land now contains more than 100 000 of the chosen people. One of the first effects of this movement is the upward tendency in the real estate market. The country is being irrigated and cultivated, waterworks of an improved pattern are being constructed and electric lights of the newest type are already flickering from the street corners of the holy city Railways will soon cross Palestine like spider webs, and the improved system of agriculture, which the wide awake Israelite immigrants have already introduced will give them bigger crops.

Writing to the Bradford *Star* from Olean, Frank King says: One can scarcely pick up a newspaper now adays without seeing some reference to Lease, complimentary I am proud to say, and your paper is no exception here, but what some of your readers do not know perhaps is that the gifted lady is a native of McKean county She is the daughter of Joseph Clynes, who used to live on King's Run, a few miles from Ceres Her father was a gallant Union soldier, who died a prisoner of war at Andersonville. She also had a brother Pat Clynes, who was a member of Co. I, of the old Bucktails, and was killed at Fredericksburg, in December 1862. I do not know whether any of the family are now in McKean county but they are all well known and well spoken of in and around Ceres. Mrs. Lease is an able orator at Decoration Day celebrations.

—In keeping with the course pursued by the *Democrat* for the past few months, its editor charges us with distorting facts in regarding the remark of Mr McElhare, on the night of the Democratic jubilee So far from distorting facts, I would require a person of very strong imagination to construe his words other than we did. He did not even mention the *Republican*, but did speak of the yeoman service performed by the Democratic paper published in this town," and commended the course of its editor "Mr Samuel E Lindsley" So far as the balance of our report is concerned, it may have been inaudible, viewed from a bigoted democratic standpoint, nevertheless it was the worst attempt at a celebration that we ever saw and has been classified to us by some of our leading democratic citizens, and which the editor of the *Democrat* knows to be true. It seems to us that it is about time to put an end to deception on the part of our down town contemporary.

—Stickney, Ritchie & Co's. advertisement changes this week. Everybody should read it.

Mrs. Belong arraigned before the Justice, at his office, the case was adjourned to the court house, where a large crowd had assembled. Eugene Mattis, Esq., acted as counsel for the prisoner and District Attorney Deane appeared for the Commonwealth. Judge Morrison occupied a seat on the bench by the side of Justice Peck, and took a lively interest in the proceedings.

Daniel Crossmire, the venerable father-in-law of the murdered woman, was the first witness called, and told substantially the same story as that given before the Coroner's jury at the inquest. Several residents of Mt. Jewett were examined concerning the prisoner's conduct towards his mother, his absence from and return to Mt. Jewett, at an early hour on the morning following the murder, etc. Dr Freeman also testified as to the condition of the body of the woman as he found it in his post-mortem examination and demonstrated the fact that the victim had been choked to death

At the conclusion of the evidence Justice Peck directed that the prisoner be committed to jail to await the action of the grand jury at the next term of court.

During the hearing the prisoner was seated near the railing, facing the Judge's desk and appeared entirely unconcerned. He is about six feet tall broad shouldered and muscular and has every appearance of an athlete He sat throughout the examination with an immovable face and without once changing color and while he gazed intently at the witnesses as they were examined he was far from being at ease He was nervous and his efforts to maintain a calm exterior did not pass altogether unobserved, nevertheless he played well the part he had assumed that of supreme indifference

The Bradford *Era* of Monday morning published an interview had with Ralph Crossmire in which he states that his mother was killed by a peddler for revenge, and says, I will not say who the peddler is, but I know It will all come out some day"

The atrocious manner of Mrs. Crossmire's death, and the suspicion which attaches to her son in connection with the case have intensified the interest and aroused universal attention It is being discussed throughout the country as a most horrible and unnatural crime

Summons of Jurors.

Following is a list of jurors drawn for a Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace to be held at the court house in the borough of Smethport, commencing Monday December 12th, 1892

GRAND JURORS.

Arthy Justus—Keating township
Bacha Patrick—Liberty twp
Bailey J A—Bradford
Bixby J C—Bradford
Butler Walter—Corydon twp
Cahan John—Bradford
Crandall Truman—Hamlin twp
Cumberland Samuel—Bradford
Dennison Nelson—Keating twp
Dodge Wm P—Port Allegany
Flynn J W—Duke Center
Fuller J D—Otto twp
Hedley James—Annin twp
Hedley Eugene—Keating twp
Hopkins W W—Lafayette twp
Kelsey W H—Port Allegany
Lamb Miles—Eldred borough
Lindsley Samuel—Smethport Borough
Mosier B L—Foster twp
Pyle Wm Sr—Bradford
Smith H B—New City
Peterson Gust—Hamlin twp
Taylor James—Smethport Borough
Wright D M—Hazelton twp

PETIT JURORS.

Archer Philo—Kinzua Creek
Ashton A Campbell—Otto twp
Anderson John—Wetmore twp
Bailey H A—Bradford
Bailey Jesse—Bradford
Bell William W—Bradford
Bennett Charles—Lafayette twp
Bishop C W—Port Allegany
Bixby Aaron—Wetmore twp
Bailey T W—Bradford
Campbell H M—Bradford
Carter Fred—Eldred
Chase F P—Port Allegany
Daniels James—Foster twp
Dickinson—Otto twp
Fisher John—Bradford
Fisher George—Duke Center
Gridley C J—Bradford
Gardner John—Keating twp
Groves R A—Bradford
Griffin J W—Bradford
Hall Wm—Otto twp
Hall John—Annin twp
Holmes Frank—Sinnamahoning
Jones O C—Wetmore twp
Kelley M J—Port Allegany
Kiser Thomas—Keating twp
Lake David—Bradford

Subscribers.

Knowlton, Hubert—Bradford
Lambert B—Port Allegany
Lee, John—Keating twp
Leech, Thomas—Sergeant twp
Lowell, J W—Hamilton twp
Mallard John—Eldred twp
Marshall John—Bradford
Morris Chas W—Bradford twp
Mott Chas. H—Bradford
Patterson, Archie—Bradford
Powell, C E—Keating twp
Palmerton, James—Foster
Raywood, F H—Olean
Sanders, Jas—Hamilton twp
Sprague, John—Annin twp
Sullivan, Daniel—Sergeant twp
Taylor, E—Eastwood
Thomas, D J—Port Allegany
Varnum, H L—Lafayette twp
Taylor, George—Annin twp
Underwood V R—Port Allegany
Whitney H P—Bradford

Gentlemen of the Jury

Following is a list of jurors drawn for a Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace to be held at the court house in the borough of Smethport, commencing Monday December 12th, 1892

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Cumberland Samuel—Bradford
Dennison Nelson—Keating twp
Dodge Wm P—Port Allegany
Flynn J W—Duke Center
Fuller J D—Otto twp
Hedley James—Annin twp
Hedley Eugene—Keating twp
Hopkins W W—Lafayette twp
Kelsey W H—Port Allegany
Lamb Miles—Eldred borough
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Varnum, H L—Lafayette twp
Taylor, George—Annin twp
Underwood V R—Port Allegany
Whitney H P—Bradford

It should Rain Every Hour

J B Wilson, 77 Clay St. Sharpsburg, Pa says he will not do without Dr King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds, that it cured his wife who was threatened with pneumonia after an attack of la grippe," when various other remedies and several physicians had done her no good Robert Barber of Cookeport, Pa claims Dr King's New Discovery has done him more good than anything he ever used for lung trouble Nothing like it. Try it. Free trial bottle at Frank R. Foster's Drug Store Large bottles, 50c, and $1 00

Headache is the direct result of indigestion and stomach disorders. Remedy these by using DeWitt's Little Early Risers and your headache disappears The favorite little pills everywhere.

I Have Taken Several

Bottles of Bradfield's Female Regulator for falling of the womb and other diseases, caused of 16 years standing and *really believe I am cured entirely* for which please accept my thanks, Mrs. W. E. Stubbins, Ridge, Ga. Sold by A B. Armstrong.

Success in everything depends largely upon good health. DeWitt's Little Early Risers are little health producing pills for the pale. Then take an "Early Riser"

To Whom Interested.

I have in Bradford call on Ike Simons, for Fine Hats and furnishing goods He has goods at lowest prices in our market, and one price for everybody like Simons, 20 Main St., Bradford, Pa.

Small in size, great in results DeWitt's Little Early Risers. Best pills for constipation, best, for sour stomach. They never gripe.

"Richard and his sweetheart Nell," song and chorus, quartz, sent free to any address by Studebaker Bros. Mfg Co., South Bend, Ind, on receipt of a 2c stamp for postage and mailing. Tell us the story of a clothes pin by Richard and Nell. The title page has an elegant picture, specially designed by the artist, Gray Parker, showing Richard and his sweetheart spooning out on their honeymoon drive. The words, of course, constitute a love story. The share in it by the Studebakers is merely incidental. The melody is delightful, and was composed for the words by the well-known musical writer, W. F. Sudds.

Notice.

I sell the celebrated Pittsburg's Best Flour; every sack warranted. Try it, and if not good, or better than any flour manufactured, will take it back. No charge for what you use.

C. E. BARRETT.

The Bazaar

NOW REDUCTIONS!

CLOAKS, CLOAKS

Some of the Magnets Which Attract the Crowds.

It is usually customary to make sweeping reductions in cloaks in January. We shall not wait till then, when nearly every body is supplied with wraps and jackets but right now in season to encourage trade one of the greatest reductions in cloaks and dress goods ever attempted in this city Don't put off a day but come at once to the large dry goods store and buy your winter garments.

Ladies', Misses' and Children's Coats,

all reduced, every garment has been remarked A reduction of $1 to $3 on most any garment. Children's long coat were $4, now $2 75, our $3 line at $4, our $4 line at $4 75, our $7 50 line at $6 our $8 line at $7 25.

Ladies jackets reduced like this Our 4, 50 line at $3 50, our $6 line at $4 75, our $7 50 line at $5, our $12 50 qualities at $10, our $15 assortment at $12 and so on Every garment shows a boss fide reduction 1 to 3. We could go on and mention hundreds, but don't need to any. Come and see, that's better

NOTICE.—Our grand Holiday Opening" takes place Thursday evening, Dec 6th On and after that date our store will open evenings. Watch for the opening We carry a large line of Holiday Goods

THE BAZAAR,

Prof. C C Hard,

Of New York having located in Smethport any one desiring his services as teacher of the most thorough methods of vocal and instrumental music will please call on or address him at the Grand Central Hotel.

Notice

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE Annual meeting of the Stockholders of the Smethport Odd Fellows Hall Association will be held Wednesday, December 28th, 1892, in Odd Fellows Hall at 7 o'clock p. m., for the election of Directors of said association to serve for the ensuing year and for the transaction of such other business as may be done according to law The books for the transfer of stock will be closed two weeks before the meeting and remain closed for two weeks after.

I H TATE President
H M CHOATE Secretary

Central Pharmacy.

FRANK R FOSTER,

DEALER IN

DRUGS AND MEDICINES,

Fancy Goods,

TOILET ARTICLES, &C

A FULL LINE OF

BOOKS AND STATIONERY.

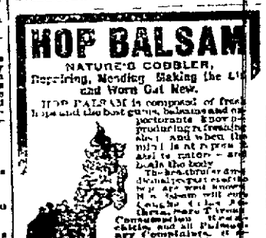
Prescriptions Carefully Compounded.

FRANK R FOSTER,

PHARMACIST,

Grand Central Hotel Building, Smethport

HOP BALSAM



NATURE'S COBBLER,

Repairing, Mending Making the Old and Worn Out New.

HOP BALSAM is composed of fresh Hops and the best gums, balsams and extracts, concentrated upon the principle of creating new blood, and when this is taken into the system it assists nature — and heals the body

IT CURES the most stubborn cases of Kidney Complaint, all Chronic Diseases of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels, Female Weaknesses, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Malaria, Fevers, Boils, Pimples, Sores Tumors, Cancers, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Whooping Cough, Croup, Influenza, Pains in the Chest, Sides and Back, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness, Headache, Dizziness, Sour Stomach, Loss of Appetite, Worms, Dropsy, Erysipelas, Blood Poisons, Piles, Female Complaints, Nervous Prostration, Debility, Kidney Troubles, Dropsy, Gravel, Diabetes, Bright's Disease, Urinary Troubles

WHITE ROCK OIL CO., Toledo, O.

For sale by F. R. FOSTER.

Your Favorite Home Newspaper

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McKEAN COUNTY MINER

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is a NATIONAL FAMILY PAPER, and gives all the general news of the world in a form the utmost of interest to every member of the family circle. THE FARMER'S INTERESTS are looked after in every issue, containing the latest information concerning the Agricultural Industries, Markets, etc., while the Home Circle finds in its columns the choicest literature, carefully selected miscellany, entertaining stories, etc., etc. In politics the Tribune is Republican, but gives the news of the day impartially, and its editorial columns discuss fearlessly and honestly the questions of the day.

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J. ROGERS & SON

SMETHPORT, PA

LOOK -:- HERE.

Read and Be Wise!

On and after April 15, 1892 the undersigned will give every cash customer trading at his store to the amount of $25 or more their choice of one of the following beautiful art Silverware free of charge

Silver Plated Sugar Bowl	Silver Plate Pickle Dish
Silver Plated Butter Dish	set Silver Plated Knives
Silver Plated Cream Pitcher	set Silver Plated Forks
Silver Plated Spoon Holder	

And an article for each additional $25 worth of goods purchased. Remember the above articles are sold at cheap as the cheapest will allow. Remember the place corner of Main and Bell streets.

P. D. HOPKINS,

Smethport, Pa. April 11 1892

At the Furniture and Carpet Store:

New Furniture,
New Carpets,
New Wall Paper,
New Window Shades,
Baby Carriages.

Goods and prices to suit everybody

Goods and Prices to Suit Everybody

Furniture and Carpet Co

A. KELLEY, Manager

W. KLAPPENBACH,

MERCHANT -:- TAILOR,

Cor King and Fulton Sts.

SMETHPORT, PA

Keeps in constant stock a full line of Cloths, Cassimeres, Suitings and Trimmings that will be made up in the latest Styles and Prices.

Satisfaction Guaranteed

DO YOU EVER EAT?

IF SO GO TO

G. W. WILLIAMS & SON,

SMETHPORT PA

Where you will always find a full stock of

Fresh, Salt and Smoked Meats,

FRUITS, VEGETABLES,

GROCERIES & PROVISIONS,

Feed, Corn, Oats, Middlings, &c., A Specialty

FURNITURE!

A FULL LINE, AT LOW PRICES AT

SPECHT & SASSE'S.

— ALSO —

WALL PAPER, WINDOW SHADES,

CURTAIN POLES, FIXTURES, ETC

Undertaking in all its branches a specialty.

Corner of Main and Union Streets. SMETHPORT, PA

Notice.

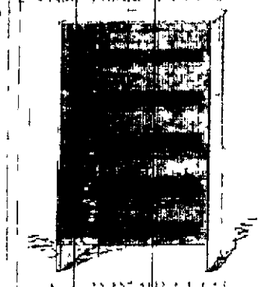
Notice in Divorce.

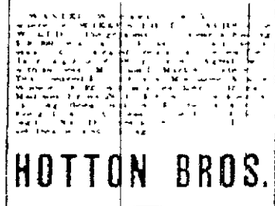
HOTTON BROS.

25 to 50 cents

FLOUR.

CHICKEN FEED





They are Beauties! WHAT?

Why, the new picture cards given with

LION COFFEE.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To The Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above-named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

IN THE LAUNDRY.

How to Iron White Dresses and Other Fine Fabrics.

It is presumed that the shirt waists and the shirt bosoms and collars and cuffs of the gentlemen of the household will be attended to by the laundress, and that the following directions will chiefly concern the treatment of the lighter and more delicate articles of wearing apparel.

A bosom board is indispensable. It should be of the best style and smoothness, and have a thick cover of flannel and one of cambric. The best covering is one of flannel, with a piece of thick cotton cloth over it. Two or three of these should be provided, as they must be changed frequently, and the bosom ironed on a perfectly smooth surface. Next to the bosom board, the most important article is a good flat iron. This should be heated slowly and evenly, and must be kept perfectly clean, or it will soil the clothes. Test the heat of the iron by holding the hand a few inches above the surface; if it is sufficiently hot, it will be unpleasant to keep the hand there more than a few seconds. Never test the heat of the iron by touching it with the tongue, as the moisture of the tongue will cause the iron to stick, and may even cause it to crack. Have a piece of clean, white paper, and rub the iron on it before beginning to iron, as this will remove any particles of dust that may have collected on the iron. Have also a piece of old muslin, and rub the iron on it occasionally, as this will prevent the starch from sticking to the iron. Have a clean, soft cloth, and wipe the iron on it before ironing each piece. Have a bowl of cold water and a sponge, and sponge the right side of the linen before ironing, as this will remove any stains that may have been overlooked in washing. Have a bottle of alcohol, and moisten with it any iron-mold stains that may appear on the linen. Have a bottle of ammonia, and moisten with it any grease spots that may appear on the linen. Have a bottle of gasoline, and moisten with it any paint or tar spots that may appear on the linen. Have a bottle of benzine, and moisten with it any machine oil spots that may appear on the linen. Have a bottle of chloroform, and moisten with it any fruit stains that may appear on the linen. Have a bottle of turpentine, and moisten with it any ink stains that may appear on the linen. Have a bottle of vinegar, and moisten with it any mildew stains that may appear on the linen. Have a bottle of lemon juice, and moisten with it any rust stains that may appear on the linen. Have a bottle of salts of lemon, and moisten with it any iron-rust stains that may appear on the linen. Have a bottle of salts of tartar, and moisten with it any fruit stains that may appear on the linen. Have a bottle of salts of soda, and moisten with it any grease spots that may appear on the linen. Have a bottle of salts of potash, and moisten with it any grease spots that may appear on the linen. Have a bottle of salts of ammonia, and moisten with it any grease spots that may appear on the linen. Have a bottle of salts of lemon, and moisten with it any rust stains that may appear on the linen. Have a bottle of salts of tartar, and moisten with it any fruit stains that may appear on the linen. Have a bottle of salts of soda, and moisten with it any grease spots that may appear on the linen. Have a bottle of salts of potash, and moisten with it any grease spots that may appear on the linen. Have a bottle of salts of ammonia, and moisten with it any grease spots that may appear on the linen.

FASHIONS

TEA GOWNS

Attractive and Stylish Confections in Woman's Favorite Gown.

Some of the most delightful things of the season are the tea gowns of which there are always a very characteristic group in the theatrical boxes. The graceful gown with very soft lines and a touch of color in sleeves and front is sometimes made with bands of ermine or fur, and is trimmed with bands of silk or velvet. The young woman of social ambition will wear this charming gown.

Your tea gown is made with gray brocade and is worn with pale pink satin front composed of an old evening dress trimmed with

A PINK SILK TEA GOWN.

ruchings of pink chiffon and the sleeves are composed of two thicknesses of pleated chiffon and the back is of accordion pleated chiffon and the ribbon and lace are arranged like a boat and tied with a huge stylish black bow.

A very handsome tea gown for an elderly woman is of Watteau plaits coming from the shoulders and caught with ribbon bows. The front is made with blouse arrangement and the waist with a jet belt and jet fringed ruffs. A satin train and the cuffs are trimmed with ermine bows.

Evening Bodices.

Those who are busy made by any one who has mastered the principles of cutting and fitting a simple waist. Let the material be either taffeta silk or satin, and have it lined throughout with thin muslin. Then cut the bodice with a round neck and very short sleeves, and make a box plait down the front. Trim the neck and sleeves with a ruffle of lace, and finish the bottom of the waist with a band of the same lace. Make a belt of the material, and fasten it with a handsome buckle. Some women have a fancy for wearing a fichu of lace or chiffon with their evening dress, but this is not necessary, as the bodice described above is very pretty without it.

Potato Puffs.

Take two cupfuls of mashed potatoes, season with salt and pepper, add a tablespoonful of butter and a little cream, and beat until light and creamy. Add the yolks of two eggs, beaten light, and the whites beaten to a stiff froth. Mix all together, and bake in small cups in a moderate oven. Turn out on a hot platter and serve at once.

Potato Fritters.

Take two cupfuls of cold mashed potatoes, season with salt and pepper, add a tablespoonful of butter and a little cream, and beat until light and creamy. Add the yolks of two eggs, beaten light, and the whites beaten to a stiff froth. Mix all together, and bake in small cups in a moderate oven. Turn out on a hot platter and serve at once.

Apple Roast With Mango.

Roast the apples in the usual way, and when done put a spoonful of mango pulp on each apple. Serve with whipped cream flavored with vanilla.

Tomato Salad.

Peel the tomatoes, cut in slices, and arrange on a bed of lettuce leaves. Pour over a dressing made of vinegar, salt, pepper, and a little sugar. Serve at once.

Tomato Aspic Salad.

Peel the tomatoes, cut in slices, and arrange on a bed of lettuce leaves. Pour over a dressing made of vinegar, salt, pepper, and a little sugar. Serve at once.

Tomato Jelly Salad.

Peel the tomatoes, cut in slices, and arrange on a bed of lettuce leaves. Pour over a dressing made of vinegar, salt, pepper, and a little sugar. Serve at once.

Tomato Cream Salad.

Peel the tomatoes, cut in slices, and arrange on a bed of lettuce leaves. Pour over a dressing made of vinegar, salt, pepper, and a little sugar. Serve at once.

Tomato Mayonnaise Salad.

Peel the tomatoes, cut in slices, and arrange on a bed of lettuce leaves. Pour over a dressing made of vinegar, salt, pepper, and a little sugar. Serve at once.

Tomato Vinaigrette Salad.

Peel the tomatoes, cut in slices, and arrange on a bed of lettuce leaves. Pour over a dressing made of vinegar, salt, pepper, and a little sugar. Serve at once.

Tomato Russian Salad.

Peel the tomatoes, cut in slices, and arrange on a bed of lettuce leaves. Pour over a dressing made of vinegar, salt, pepper, and a little sugar. Serve at once.

Tomato French Salad.

Peel the tomatoes, cut in slices, and arrange on a bed of lettuce leaves. Pour over a dressing made of vinegar, salt, pepper, and a little sugar. Serve at once.

Tomato Italian Salad.

Peel the tomatoes, cut in slices, and arrange on a bed of lettuce leaves. Pour over a dressing made of vinegar, salt, pepper, and a little sugar. Serve at once.

Tomato Spanish Salad.

Peel the tomatoes, cut in slices, and arrange on a bed of lettuce leaves. Pour over a dressing made of vinegar, salt, pepper, and a little sugar. Serve at once.

Tomato German Salad.

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Tomato Swedish Salad.

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Tomato Norwegian Salad.

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Tomato Danish Salad.

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Tomato Finnish Salad.

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Tomato Lapland Salad.

Peel the tomatoes, cut in slices, and arrange on a bed of lettuce leaves. Pour over a dressing made of vinegar, salt, pepper, and a little sugar. Serve at once.

Tomato Siberian Salad.

Peel the tomatoes, cut in slices, and arrange on a bed of lettuce leaves. Pour over a dressing made of vinegar, salt, pepper, and a little sugar. Serve at once.

Tomato Chinese Salad.

Peel the tomatoes, cut in slices, and arrange on a bed of lettuce leaves. Pour over a dressing made of vinegar, salt, pepper, and a little sugar. Serve at once.

Tomato Japanese Salad.

Peel the tomatoes, cut in slices, and arrange on a bed of lettuce leaves. Pour over a dressing made of vinegar, salt, pepper, and a little sugar. Serve at once.

Tomato Australian Salad.

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Tomato African Salad.

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Tomato American Salad.

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Tomato Canadian Salad.

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Tomato Mexican Salad.

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Tomato Brazilian Salad.

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Tomato Peruvian Salad.

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Tomato Surinam Salad.

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Tomato Dutch Guiana Salad.

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Tomato French Guiana Salad.

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Tomato

published in McKean County, outside of Bradford.

VOLUME XXIX. SMETHPORT PA., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1892. NUMBER 50

McKean County Miner

I. ROGERS & SON, Proprietors.

Official Directory.

STATE.

Governor—Robert E. Pattison.
Lieutenant Governor—L. A. Watres.
State Secretary—Henry K. Boyer.
Auditor General—Thomas McCamant.
State Treasurer—William Livsey.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—A. O. Dunkel, Quarterpoint.
Additional Law Judge—Thomas A. Morrison, Smethport.
Member of Congress—C. W. Stone, Warren.
State Senator—Horace B. Packer, Wellsboro.
Members of Assembly—W. K. Burdick, Duke Center; J. Lyndon Addis, Coudersport.
District Attorney—J. L. Gibbons, Smethport.
Sheriff—Walter Grimth, Smethport.
Prothonotary—J. M. McGhee, Smethport.
County Treasurer—L. Rogers, Smethport.
Commissioners—Orrin Cowley, Foster; Frank D. Stuart, Turtle Point; J. H. Tate, Clermont.
County Clerk—M. H. Gray, Smethport.
Jury Commissioner—S. Mead, Sheldon.
Coroner—S. S. Heald, Bradford; J. O. Liddell, Kane; H. C. Wells, Smethport.
Surveyor—Alexander F. Stevens, Bradford.
Auditors—S. M. Hefner, Bradford.
County Solicitor—W. P. Kelly, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—W. F. Specht.
Council—John Forrest, C. H. Forbs, N. D. Kenney, William Mabell, Emil Thamm, P. D. Hopkins.
Justices—G. M. Smith, F. Ford.
Constable—H. L. Merrington.
School Directors—H. L. Kenyon, D. C. Young, T. S. Morrison, E. E. Hyde, S. J. Gifford, W. D. Colcord.
Collector—Charles Lemmler.
Auditors—John Niemgerford.
Clerk's Assistant—H. C. Young, A. D. Burbank.
Auditors—Wm. D. Caffrey, J. McCarthy, J. C. Gallup.
Judges of Elections—Frank S. Eaton.
Inspectors of Elections—W. W. Butterworth, D. E. Keeler.

Regular Terms of Court—Fourth Monday in February, First Monday in June and Thursday and Second Monday in December.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 268, meets in its hall on the fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7½ o'clock p. m., at Masonic Hall. Main street. W. M. SMITH, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 349, meets Friday evening at 8 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Visiting brothers in good standing are invited to attend, and all degrees on fourth meetings. F. L. VOUGHT, N. G.

H. M. CROAKE, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment No. 271 meets the First and Third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
W. McKEAN, Chief Patriarch.
H. H. TATE, Scribe.

O. A. R.—McKean Post No. 97, meets every Thursday evening, at 7:30 o'clock, in the A. O. U. W. Hall, Bachelor Block.
C. A. SAWTELLE, Com.
H. M. CROAKE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every day afternoon at A. O. U. W. Hall, Bachelor Block.
MISS. SARAH M. VOUGHT, Pres.
MRS. LIZZIE CHAMBERS, Sec'y.

Knights of St. John and Malta—Key stone Commandery, No. 77, meets every Tuesday evening in K. of P. Hall.
F. L. VOUGHT, Rec. Com.
F. A. THOMAS, Chancellor.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 152, meets second, fourth and last Tuesday evenings of each month in A. O. U. W. Hall, Bachelor Block.
CHAS. LEMMLER, M. W.
HERMAN DEHNER, Recorder.

K. of L.—Smethport Union, No. 7239, meets on second and fourth Monday evenings of each month in I. O. O. F. hall.
R. L. KEARY, President.
MISS. S. M. VICKERY, Secretary.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 8, meets every Monday evening at 7:30 in A. O. U. W. hall, Bank of Block.
J. E. SHOCK, Com.
M. B. CROSS, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 81, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. hall, Bachelor block, at 7 p. m.
JAS. A. MCKEAN, Pres.
JAS. A. MCKEAN, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Wednesday afternoon at 3 p. m., in their hall, Bachelor Block.
MRS. H. E. FITZGERALD, Pres't.
MRS. M. E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

Churches.

Methodist—Rev. R. E. Higbee, Pastor. Preaching every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school immediately after morning service. Class Meeting at 12 m. on Sunday. Prayer Meeting every Thursday evening at 7 o'clock. League in Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock. Trustee's meetings Friday evening, October 7 and 4 o'clock. Stewards on Saturday evenings at 7 o'clock.

Baptist—Rev. H. W. HALLOWELL, pastor. Preaching every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Bible school directly after morning service. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock. Covenant meeting on Saturday before 4 o'clock. Communion service on 1st Sunday in the third Sunday in each month at 7 o'clock p. m. All are welcome.

Episcopal—J. HARRIS MCCLELLAN, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m., except on the first Sunday of each month, when service is held at 4:30 p. m. Sunday school at 2:30 p. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel—East Smethport—Rev. J. Harris McClellan, Rector. Services every Sunday at 4 p. m. Sunday School at 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 3 p. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church—J. J. GALLAGHER, pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m. and 8 p. m. Sunday School at 2 p. m. Services on 1st Monday in each month at 9 a. m. Confessions Saturday at Smethport and Clermont.

Union Services at King's Corners school house, East Smethport, every Sabbath afternoon at 2 o'clock. Rev. T. W. Myers, pastor. Additional services at Sinclair's, Corbett's and Mount Jasper alternate Sundays, Sabbath School immediately after the preaching.

Universalist—Rev. W. Myers, pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 10:30 a. m., 7:30 p. m.; Sunday school at 12 m. Prayer Meeting, 7:30 p. m. each Thursday evening. Saturday 1:30 p. m. All are invited.

Episcopal church—Rev. M. Leech, pastor. Services every Sunday at 4:30 p. m. Sunday School at 3:30 p. m. Gospel Service Wednesday evening. All are invited.

MASONS' SUPPLIES!

Such Lime, Plaster, Cement,

Plastering Hair, Tile of all Kinds, Fire and Clay Brick, kept constantly on hand and for sale by

A. REILLY,

SMETHPORT, PA.

W. T. CALLAR,

DRUGGIST AND PHARMACIST.

—DEALER IN—

Drugs and Medicines,

Pure Wines and Liquors for Medicinal Purposes,

Stationery, Toilet Articles, Etc

Prescriptions Carefully Compounded.

BRICK DRUG STORE,

MAIN STREET, - SMETHPORT, PA

WAGONS!

Don't make a purchase until you have examined my stock and prices. They are superior in material and workmanship, and prices very low.

I make a specialty of

HORSESHOEING

and am prepared to do repairing of all kinds. Wagon and Blacksmith shop on Water street.

WM. MASSER.

F. C. PIERCE,

Surgeon Dentist.

Twenty years of practice.

OFFICE OVER D. C. YOUNG'S NEW STORE.

Professional Cards.

Attorneys.

S. B. STONE. S. A. STURGEON.

Stone & Sturgeon,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. Offices: Post Office Hall, Bradford, Pa.

J. W. HOUTON.

ATTORNEY AT LAW and District Attorney of McKean County. Office in the Court House, Smethport, Pa.

JOHN A. BERRY.

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Rooms 4 and 5, Berry & Mayer Block, Bradford, Pa.

BYRON D. HASKIN. JOHN FORSYTHE.

Haskin & Forsyth,

LAW AND LAND OFFICE, Smethport, Pa. Office of the late Judge Hamlin & Forsyth formerly Keating & Co.) situated in the counties of McKean, Potter, Cameron, Clinton and Clearfield.

ROBERT H. ROSE.

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR. Office over H. Hamlin's Banking Office, Smethport, Pa.

Sheridan Gorton,

ATTORNEY AT LAW AND NOTARY PUBLIC. Office in Parkin Block, Main street, Smethport, Pa.

P. L. Hyman,

ATTORNEY AT LAW. Office opposite Hamlin's Banking House, Smethport, Pa. All legal business attended to.

P. Ford.

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW. Office: Mayer Block, Church Street, Smethport, Pa.

H. H. STURGIS.

McSweeney & Sykes,

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT LAW Room 7, Parkin Block, Smethport, Pa.

WILLIAM MCSWEENEY. F. W. SYKES.

Mahlon de Mallie,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, 13 Main Street, Bradford, Pa.

F. H. Mayer,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, AND NOTARY PUBLIC, Gleason Block, Smethport, Pa.

F. H. Gridley,

ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office, No. 20 Main Street, Bradford, Pa.

Wm. Wilkins,

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE AND COLLECTION AGENT for all cases for Williams township, McKean county, Pa. P. O. address, Keenansburg, Pa. (Wilcox)

Physicians

H. L. McCoy,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office in E. D. McCoy's drug store, Main street, Smethport, Pa.

M. D. Greenough,

SURGEON, obstetrician and consulting physician and surgeon. Office hours from 11 to 12 a. m. and 1 to 2 p. m., Smethport, Pa.

Dr. Henry Church Sick,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Prompt attention given to calls day or night. Office two doors east of W. T. Callar's drug store, Smethport.

John Clark, M. D. C. M.

Office and Residence in Keller House, Smethport, Pa.

Hotels

WRIGHT HOUSE,

Main Street, Smethport, Penn'a. D. F. Wright, Proprietor.

This Hotel is recently built, and is furnished with all the conveniences of a first class hotel. A well stocked and well kept Bar connected with the house. First class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

Grand Central Hotel,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa. F. N. Taylor, Proprietor.

This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The tables and bar are constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

CHAUTAUQUA HOUSE

Main Street, Smethport, Pa., Daniel Bacon, Proprietor.

This House has recently been greatly improved in all its appointments, making it one of the most comfortable hotels in the county. Good tables and attentive clerks. The tables are supplied with all the delicacies of the season. Liberal share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.

THE FLEMING HOTEL,

TWO DOORS NORTH OF BANK,

KANE - - PA.

This Hotel has been recently built and is newly furnished throughout in the latest style. First-class accommodations for the travelling public.

JOHN FLEMING, Proprietor.

THOMPSON HOUSE.

MT. JEWETT, PA.

C. D. CAMPBELL, Proprietor.

This house has recently been remodeled and refurnished throughout. First class restaurant in connection with the house.

THE - WILLARD - HOTEL,

Nos. 10, 12 and 14 Main Street,

Five doors from the depot, BRADFORD, PA.

Open Day and Night.

FIRST-CLASS ROOMS,

REASONABLE RATES.

J. T. BUKEHOLDER, Prop'r.

BAYER HOUSE

CLERMONT, PA.

The house has just been renovated and refurnished. The tables are supplied with the best the market affords and the accommodations are all that can be desired. The bar is supplied with the best brands of liquors and cigars.

CHAS KEYS, Proprietor.

BARBER SHOP

ALFRED STURDIVENT

Would respectfully announce to his patrons and the public generally that he has moved his barber shop into his recently finished and commodious new Masonic Front building, one door west of W. H. Gallup's store, Main street, where he is prepared to do

SHAVING AND HAIRDRESSING

in the latest style of the art. Razors hot from shears always on hand.

BATH ROOMS ATTACHED.

Palmer & Church,

Livery, Feed and Sale

STABLES.

Largest, Best Equipped and Most Complete Livery Establishment in McKean county.

Prompt attention to orders by wire.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

their Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

1893.

Harper's Weekly.

ILLUSTRATED.

Harper's Weekly is always abreast of the best events of the time, and of the progress of the human race in every department of civilization. Its articles on social topics, literature, science, and industry are prepared by writers of the highest authority, and are profusely illustrated. Its editorials discuss the important questions of the day with candor and independence. Its serial stories and short stories are by the most popular writers, and its illustrations of the world's progress will be seen by every intelligent person to be unrivalled in any other publication. Every part of current interest will be fully illustrated and the best efforts of the most eminent artists in this country, as well as those of the leading foreign illustrators, will be employed to increase the value of its pictures.

Harper's Weekly for three years back, as well as the current volume, will be furnished, unbound, for one dollar per number, free of charge, except the cost of transportation, when delivery is not to be made by mail, post paid on receipt of $3.00 each.

Remittance should be made by Postoffice Money Order or Draft, to avoid chance of loss.

Newspapers are not to copy this advertisement without the express order of Harper & Brothers. Address HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

FIRST-CLASS BLACKSMITHING!

The undersigned has purchased the Blacksmith shop recently occupied by Charles Kreager, on Mechanic street, near Hamlin's sawmill, where he is prepared to do first class blacksmithing, including

HORSESHOEING.

Satisfaction guaranteed. He also manufactures

SLEIGHS.

Low prices for cash. Repairing, with Prices Greatly Reduced.

Call and Examine Work and Prices.

Horse's Feet and Legs.

CHAS. W. LUDENHAUR.

Smethport, Oct. 6th, '92.

EMIL THAMM,

Manufacturer of

CIGARS

And Dealer in

CHEWING AND SMOKING TOBACCO

PIPES, ETC.

49 MAI STREET,

SMETHPORT, PA.

Next door to Callar's Drug Store. June 13-tf

A remedy which has been used by Women for many years with unfailing success. Has produced more Children than all other remedies combined. Relieves Pain at the time of Confinement. Shortens Labor. Prevents after Pains. Book "To Mothers" mailed free. Sold by druggists. Beware of imitations. Genuine only with BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., ATLANTA, GA.

A. B. ARMSTRONG.

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EVART & APPLEMAN

Attorneys-at-Law,

316 F Street, N. W., P. O. Box 35,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Nothing On Earth Will

MAKE HENS LAY

LIKE

Sheridan's Condition Powder!

KEEPS YOUR CHICKENS

Strong and Healthy; Prevents all Disease.

Good for Moulting Hens.

It absolutely cures Gapes, Roup, Cholera, Cramps, Scours, Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, Liver Complaint, Worms, Vertigo, Coughs, Colds, Distemper, Fevers, Mange, Blood Poisoning, Lameness, Stiffness, Swellings, Sore Eyes, Sore Throat, Etc.

If your dealer can't give it to you, we will send one pound, postpaid, for 25 cents; five pounds, $1.00; one pail, containing 25 pounds, by express, $3.50. Sold by druggists, dealers, or sent by mail or express. Send for circulars and testimonials. Mention this paper.

L. L. SHERIDAN & CO., Props.,

Sheridan, Ind.

Besieged by Cheyennes

By A. H. GIBSON.

[Copyright, 1892, by American Press Association.]

[CONTINUED.]

Satisfied there were no Indians prowling around, old Silas and Lois crept down the opposite side of the hill toward the river.

Jordan found the skiff where he kept it concealed among the rocks. He was not long in launching it, and when Lois had seated herself in the boat he handed her her father's revolver, saying:

"God bless yer, Lois, and send yer safe back!"

"He will; never fear," she answered in full faith.

Lois Gilbert was no stranger to the water. All her life her parents had lived along some stream and she had learned to handle the oars with much skill.

Silas Jordan lay on the bank for some time watching the girl as she urged the little skiff on the Arkansas.

When she was out of sight he crawled back to the cabin, where his presence might be needed at any moment.

As the skiff bore her farther away from the blockhouse a feeling of loneliness and dread crept over her.

It was strangely quiet out on the river.

Only the occasional cry of some night bird along the shore, or the dismal yelps of coyotes far off on the prairies, broke the awful stillness which had succeeded the confusion of the attack on Jordan's hill.

Every stroke of the light oars carried her farther and farther away from her friends.

Finally she realized more forcibly the full danger of her position.

Every lone tree and clump of bushes that loomed up dimly on the banks on either side of her in her imagination must reveal a lurking redskin.

She kept on, however, and strove diligently to drown all thought of peril to herself in thinking of the great danger of the settlers at Jordan's should the siege be renewed with as much force as the Cheyennes had displayed in the early part of that night.

"Why should I fear?" Lois asked herself. "He is risking his life for others. Why should not I?"

The thought encouraged her, and she urged the skiff forward with all possible speed.

It was more than three miles by the river to the Gilbert shanty, but Lois made the trip without encountering any adventure worth recording.

When she stepped from the skiff, which she left at the foot of the bluffs, all her old courage seemed to return.

She did not, however, lay all precaution aside. She reconsidered the path before her very carefully as she went toward the cave where the goods had been concealed.

She had prepared to see her old home in ruins. Imagine her surprise when its rough dark outlines arose before her, standing undisturbed in its rocky niche.

The Indians had not yet been there or else they had considered the rude habitation of too vast insignificance to destroy.

Reaching the little cavern up among the bluffs she displaced the rocks at the entrance with great continuance. Taking out the can of powder she hastily transferred it to the skiff.

With a grateful heart Lois was pushing the little boat away from the shore. Suddenly the clouds overhead parted for a moment, letting the moon pour a shower of silvery rays across the bosom of the Arkansas. The next moment a savage whoop from the opposite bank rang wildly out on the night air.

With a sudden terror Lois realized that she had been detected by a lurking redskin.

Almost immediately an arrow whizzed through the air dangerously close to the girl's head.

Filled with alarm though she was, she did not lose command of herself.

Grasping the oars firmly in her well trained hands, she pushed dauntlessly forward down the river.

If she had but one enemy to contend with she felt pretty confident of her own ability to protect herself. Her father's revolver, carefully loaded, lay by her side and she knew how to discharge it.

She dared not, however, hope for so easy an escape. It was not at all likely that the Indian who had spied her was alone.

Glancing over her shoulder as she plied the oars she caught sight of three stalwart Cheyennes running rapidly along a sand bar which extended for some distance into the stream.

Another glance sufficed to show her that they were trying to unloosen a large canoe which was partly imbedded in the heavy sand.

The canoe was one which her father had made and had been carried by the last rise of the river to the bar on the opposite side. Having no immediate use for the canoe he had not taken the time to reclaim it from where the waves had stranded it.

Little the Gilbert family, who had enjoyed many trips down the river in its rude cavity, dreamed that it would ever serve their enemies as a craft in which one of its members would be pursued.

Lois observed with a feeling of thankfulness that the Indians were flounder ing about in the sand, as if in a hopeless condition of getting the canoe launched.

"They're in the quicksand at the edge of the bar!" she cried to herself, shooting another glance toward her foes.

"All the better for me! I'll have a good start before they get out of that sand."

With a courageous heart Lois sent the skiff, with its doubly precious cargo, bounding like a frightened bird over the water.

Two arrows sped after her, but she was already too far from the vexed warriors, struggling on the verge of the quicksand, to prove an easy target.

A curtain of dense clouds again swept across the moon's face, rendering objects along the river dim and uncertain, and greatly increasing the vexation of the Indians.

Not for one moment did Lois Gilbert slacken the speed at which she was urging her skiff forward.

The quicksand on the bar opposite her home and where Mose Gilbert had once had an unpleasant experience might befriend her in delaying the Cheyennes for a short time, but she knew they would be able to extricate themselves and secure the canoe. All too soon they would be hurrying after her.

In the meantime, though, she put forth every effort to make as great headway as possible before the pursuit actually began.

She was not wrong in her belief that the savages would be able to free themselves from the quicksand.

She had not proceeded far around a small bend in the river when the unmistakable dip, dip of a canoe's paddles fell on her ears.

"They're really after me now in earnest," she told herself. "Well, I'm a good way ahead, and I'll try to keep that way."

Taking a deep breath, she bent to her task with renewed energy.

The little boat seemed fairly to fly along over the water, but fast as it went she could still hear the dip, dip of her enemy's paddles as they came steadily onward after her.

The moon was dimly visible now behind a mass of filmy clouds and objects were becoming faintly discernible.

Lois glanced back to ascertain if possible how near her pursuers were.

She could just make out the dull outline of the long canoe and its dusky occupants as they swept around the bend.

She could not, however, estimate the distance between herself and them, though fear made it seem less than it actually was.

The sharp eyes of the Cheyennes saw the skiff with its solitary occupant far ahead of them, and uttering a chorus of savage whoops, which echoed wildly from bank to bank, they shoved the canoe forward at an impetuous rate.

Lois realized that it must be a race for life with her there on the Arkansas, where she had spent several careless afternoons in the very craft now pursuing her.

Even in that time of peril she could not help thinking of one particular afternoon in June when Lee Hutchins, mounted on his pony, had ridden along the bank as she idly floated, not far away, in the old canoe. They had conversed little, but it had left an indelible impression on her mind.

As the yells of the pursuing Indians drove her happy memory away. Shutting her lips firmly, she strove to force the skiff along with all the vigor which she was able to command.

Work as she did to keep ahead, she began to see that her foes were surely, if slowly, gaining on her.

Presently the arrows began darting after her, confirming her greatest fears that with every dip of their paddles the enemy was drawing nearer.

"I'll not give up till I have to," Lois observed to herself. "If the moon would only stay hid!"

But it showed no disposition to do so, and two or three times she was obliged to dodge the arrows of her exulting foes.

She dared not relinquish the oars a second to risk a shot from the revolver at her side. It might do no good, and would doubtless give the Indians a dangerous advance.

It was very toilsome, as well as terrifying. Great drops of sweat stood on her forehead, and the muscles of her arms ached from the unnatural strain placed upon them.

She was beginning to feel strangely weak and nerveless. And she was two miles from Jordan's; she could never reach it now. Despair seemed suddenly to have swallowed all her courage.

But she did not relax her hold upon the oars, and the race continued a little longer.

"Whiz!" an arrow came hissing through the air. It pierced a fold of her dress, but left her untouched.

The canoe was almost upon the skiff, and as the Cheyennes beheld the success of their last arrow they set up a triumphant shout.

A moment more and Lois believed her doom would be sealed.

"Pang! Pang!" came two reports in rapid succession from among the bushes on the right bank of the river.

Instantly two sharp cries of mortal agony arose from the canoe, and two of the braves with a heavy plash fell headlong into the water and were swept from view.

The remaining Cheyenne began paddling frantically for the other bank, when another broadside from the cottonwood bushes caused the canoe to capsize and left him struggling in the swift current in the middle of the stream.

Another quick report put an end to the Indian's struggles, and he found a grave with his companions.

Lois had watched this tragic play from the skiff, where she sat as one suddenly changed to stone.

Who could her deliverer be? Doubtless Silas Jordan or one of the settlers from the blockhouse, she thought.

She was soon, however, allowed to see her mistake as a manly form arose from concealment among the bushes and stood revealed in the subdued moonlight on the bank of the Arkansas.

"Lee! Lee!" she cried, unable to control herself.

"Lois, my darling!" and he stretched out his strong arms toward her.

She pushed the skiff toward him, obeying a force which she could n t resist.

In another moment the young ranchman held her half fainting form to his breast and pressed his lips to her brow.

One moment of this bliss, then Lois released herself and told her lover what had brought her out on such a perilous mission.

"You are a dear, brave girl, Lois," he said tenderly as he started the skiff toward Jordan's.

"Tell me, Lee, how you happened to be here?" she asked, her face glowing from the gentle fervor of his praise.

"I warned the Plum Creek settlers and helped them fortify themselves in a large dugout. Then I started over to Jordan's," he returned.

"Oh, Lee! What made you venture along again out on the prairies?" she cried.

"Wasn't some one at Jordan's dearer than all the world to me?" he whispered softly. "How could I stay away from you, Lois, when I knew such fearful danger threatened? I had done my duty at Plum Creek, and must return to defend the one I love."

"It was your love that saved me, Lee."

"Thank God that I was here to defend you!" he murmured. "It was sunset when I started back from Plum Creek. I had only gone about four miles when I almost rode into a little camp of Cheyennes down in a ravine. They had been slaughtering cattle and were preparing for a big supper. Before I could retreat I was seen, and three of the party gave chase. My pony was fagged out, and I knew I could never escape on it. So I abandoned the pony and ran down a deep gully, and by hiding often managed to elude my pursuers. It took me a good while to reach the Arkansas, but when I did I started as fast as I could for Silas Jordan's, where I hoped to find the redskins yell out up the river. At first I thought they had discovered my trail and were after me. I concealed myself and waited. Presently the moon came out clear enough for me to see the race between you and those villains. When I saw that the pursued one was you I feared there had been a massacre of the settlers and you had fled to the skiff for refuge. I made up my mind to save you or die with you."

"God is good," said Lois, laying a hand on Lee's shoulder.

They reached the cabin safe, but scarcely had they received the congratulations of their friends on their remarkable escape when the Cheyennes, with loud whoops, rushed forward to renew the siege.

No doubt they hoped to find the settlers drowsy and off their guard during the hours between midnight and dawn and counted on an easy victory. But the brave action of Lois Gilbert inspired those pioneers with fresh energy and courage, and the powder which she had risked so much to bring enabled them to fight back the enemy with a vehemence which was plainly a surprise to them.

Despite the obstinate resistance which the Cheyennes encountered in the settlers, they kept up the siege at intervals for several hours. Finally they withdrew to the cottonwoods, where a short conference was held; then they rode rapidly away over the prairies.

About noon the next day Mose Gilbert and a party of armed settlers arrived. They reported that the Cheyennes had crossed the river and were hurrying northward, leaving great destruction behind them.

It was some time after the events recorded in this story that the Cheyennes were forced by starvation to surrender to the troops of a fort in western Nebraska, and peace was at last restored.

Mose Gilbert found his cattle all right when the Indians were gone, but they poorly compensated for the great loss of his child, whose heart had been won by the young ranchman.

Lee Hutchins and his brave wife have a comfortable home in one of the growing towns of western Kansas. The young Hutchinses, of whom there are several, never tire of listening to their father relate their mother's exploit on the Arkansas during the Indian outbreak.

THE END.

Glaciers.

Glaciers plunge into the sea in many cold countries and perish by drowning, their dismembered remains floating away as bergs. But their end is by dissolution where the annual mean temperature rises considerably above freezing point. At some certain level they melt faster than they can flow and so terminate. The level indeed is a fluctuating one. Icelandic glaciers are now steadily advancing. Norse glaciers, according to M. Forel, have undergone during the present century five alternate periods of diminution and growth. The meteorological changes occasioning and emphasized by these oscillations are very slight. Their character, however, is unmistakable and such as might have been anticipated. That is to say, glacial decrease accompanies a warm and dry cycle; glacial increase, one that is damp and cold.

Considerable alarm was accordingly felt lest the flooding of the Sahara, numbered among the futile projects of a recent sanguine epoch, should result in a largely increased snowfall upon the Alps, and the consequent ice subinergence of inhabited valleys. Such fears, it is true, rested on a meteorological misapprehension, yet they were in principle well founded.—Edinburgh Review.

Sorry He Broke His Rule.

"I have made it a rule through life," he said at the table the other day to a man at his left, "never to meddle with another man's business."

"That's right—perfectly right," was the reply.

"But I see you have a new confidential clerk."

"Yes, sir—yes."

"He's a hard looking case; I have seen him intoxicated a dozen times, and I wouldn't trust him out of my sight with a sixpence. Took him out of charity, eh?"

"Well, not altogether, you know. He happens to be my eldest son."

There was a period of silence so painful that both wished none one would yell "fire!" to break it up.—London Tit-Bits.

Covering the Faces of Peruvian Gods.

In ancient Peru during periods of public calamity the faces of the gods were covered with masks. The worship of the head is carried to an exaggerated point in the curious Indian myth which describes the earth as a bodiless head, rolling along flaming plains.—Washington Star.

The Point of View.

"Perfectly beastly day this," said Hollyhock, looking out of his window at the pouring rain.

"Beastly? You mean lovely," retorted Harkins, whose umbrellas are said to be the finest on the market.—Harper's Bazar.

A Million Friends.

A friend in need is a friend indeed, and not less than one million people have found just such a friend in Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs, and colds.—If you have never used this Great Cough medicine, one trial will convince you that it has wonderful curative powers in all diseases of throat, chest and lungs. Each bottle is guaranteed to do all that is claimed or money will be refunded. Trial bottles free at F. R. Foster's Drug store. Large bottles 50c. and $1.00.

Santa Claus visited the store of M. L. Armstrong and left thousands of articles to gladden the hearts of the people. These goods include almost everything that can be mentioned and the prices will fit the purses of the poor as well as the rich. He has a fine line of silverware which will compare in beauty of design and finish with anything ever seen in this vicinity, fine watches and jewelry, the best in the market, dolls, of ever description and toys too numerous to mention. You will certainly miss it if you do not examine his stock before purchasing elsewhere.

I Have Taken Several

Bottles of Bradfield's Female Regulator for falling of the womb and other diseases combined of 16 years standing, and *I really believe I am cured entirely*, for which please accept my thanks. Mrs. W. E. Stebbins, Ridge, Ga. Sold by A. R. Armstrong.

Are you in search of holiday presents? M. L. Armstrong has goods suitable for all ages and conditions. Watches, clocks, silverware, spectacles, eye-glasses, toys of every description, sleighs, rocking horses, etc. Presents useful and presents ornamental, presents for the old and presents for the young. It will cost you nothing to see these goods and you will certainly regret it if you do not call.

Nobby Styles.

Is what we always carry in neckwear and you may be sure that you can get the correct thing at Ike Simons, 30 Main St Bradford, Pa.

Headache is the direct result of indigestion and stomach disorders. Remedy these by using DeWitt's Little Early Risers, and your headache disappears. The favorite little pills everywhere.

Can't be Beat.

Our line of Underwear and Hosiery we have anything in this line of goods that you desire, any price, any size, large men looked after just the same as the smaller ones. Ike Simons, 30 Main St., Bradford, Pa. Shirts made to order.

For instance Mrs. Chas. Rogers of Bay City, Mich., accidently spilled scalding water over her little boy. She promptly applied Witch Hazel Salve, giving instant relief. It's remarkably good salve for burns, bruises, sores, and a sure cure for piles.

If you have not made up your mind what you want for a holiday present, for your wife, mother sister, husband, father, brother or any other person, go to M. L. Armstrong's. He has a fine line of everything for the holidays and is sure to suit you.

THREE NATIVES OF PIKE

By DAN DE QUILLE.

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PROLOGUE.

A very creditable piece of pantomime.

Last summer I made one of a party of "millionaire Comstockers" who went over to Washoe lake on a piscatorial expedition. The fish there to be caught are principally that species of catfish known in the Atlantic states as horned pouts or bullheads.

"Knights of the angle" of the present day are apt to turn up their noses when mention is made of bullhead fishing.

Generally, however, when a man goes out after catfish he sinks all artistic feeling—he goes in for "meat."

It is an easy matter to catch catfish. You have only to procure tackle strong enough to draw them out of the water, using a hook according to the expected size of your game. The size of the catfish appears to be a good deal regulated by the size of the stream or lake in which it is found. The larger the body of water the bigger the fish.

As already stated, we were a small party of Comstockers, and were at Washoe lake more for "meat" than sport. Of course all fishing is to some extent satisfying to man's inherent instinct for the capture and slaughter of all wild creatures of land, water and air.

We had strewed the shore with several score of bullheads when we saw approaching us through the tules bordering the lake three men, who by their dress and lack of both coat and vest appeared to be ranch hands employed in the neighborhood. The men seemed to be merely strolling about in the enjoyment of a half holiday, as they carried neither guns nor fishing tackle.

The trio had probably sighted our tent and wagon from afar, and knowing from previous pleasant experiences that all true fishermen fail not to go forth well provided with the wherewithal to counteract the bad effects of an accidental wetting had resolved to pay us a friendly visit, in full confidence that the rights of camp hospitality would not be neglected by our party. At all events, the trio, moving in Indian file, marched up to our temporary camp pitched on the margin of the lake, and greeted us with three stentorian "Hellos!"

Their greeting having been duly answered in kind, it was next in order to bear in mind the social amenities and sneer at the "hospitalities" of the camp. It soon became evident that no one of the trio had ever been whipped when young for holding his breath. They showed themselves to be willing and capable men.

All were stalwart fellows of six feet to six feet four inches in height, and all were big jointed and rawboned—not an ounce of superfluous flesh from head to heels. All wore beards of the billy-goat style, all were shaded by huge sombreros, and all were somewhat above middle age; also were all much alike as three candles cast in the same mold.

At first our visitors were somewhat backward in speech and manner, but by the time they had made some progress in the congenial task of testing the several kinds of liquid provender with which tent and wagon were stocked their tongues were loosened; they felt quite at home.

Presently the tallest and apparently the oldest of the trio said the sight of catfish made him feel young again. "But, fellers," said he, "I don't much keer to fool with sich ornery, wuthless little tadpoles as you've been ketchin. I'm from ole Missouri, I am. Down thar, when yer ketch a catfish, you're a-layin in pervision. When yer hooked yer got ter jist take yer line over yer shoulder, hump yer back, march inland and haul your meat ashore. It's jist as easy to ketch big catfish as little ones if thar's any big ones about. It all depends on the size of the hook and the bigness of the bait. Why, back thar on the old Massinippi I could gauge the size of the cat I wanted to an ounce jist by the proper regerlation of the hook and bait. Now, fellers, jist you watch me. Ef thar's a catfish in this lake as is worth a cuss I'll ketch him."

"Yaas, fellers," said the other Pikes.

"Buck, he's a cuss at fishin; you just watch his motion. He'll show yer how to ketch cats."

With a face as sober as that of a New England deacon, Buck went up the hill a few paces above our tent and got hold of about sixty feet of heavy fencing wire. This he dragged down to the edge of the lake, and turning up one end of it made a hook about two feet across. Going down the shore a few rods he returned with about half of an old red flannel shirt, which he fastened upon his hook for bait. Next he got a piece of plank about six feet long and fastened it upon his wire line for a float. This done, he took up the plank and launched hook and all out some two rods from shore with a tremendous plash.

"Never mind me skeerin away yer little minners," said Buck to our party; "you've treated us like full grown white men and how I'll soon ketch you suthin worth while—that is, a'posin that's airy ralo old Massinippi cat in this yere frog pond."

Buck then seated himself upon a little hillock of tules and gazed out at his float with a considerably serious look of expectation.

The other Pikes—for all three of our visiting brethren hailed from the land of "Joe Bowers"—gazed approvingly at what had been done, saying over and over: "That's the racket! Buck's got the true old Massissippi business!"

Presently Buck began to show signs of nervousness. His eyes rolled, his face twitched and his arms shook. His two pards crept near him and with their hands upon their knees stood gazing intently at the float. Buck laid a finger on his lips warningly. Then handing the line to one of the men he extended both hands as far as he could reach, showing that he had got a nibble from a fish at least six feet in length. This done he again laid a warning finger on his lips and resumed his line. Now a wrest was spoken and the faces of all three showed signs of intense excitement.

When Buck's eyes again began to command the muscles of his face worked and at last his whole body was convulsed. Turning to his companions he held up his hand and waved them back toward the end of the line.

The men understood the signal, and moving back some twenty feet they took up the wire and, placing it over their shoulders, braced themselves and stood awaiting further orders.

Soon Buck gave a wicked twitch of his line, uttered a wild whoop and, springing to his feet,